

The Cult **"Amnesia"**

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Save what you learn
Suspicion sure to return

Say my language is rough
All my senses are torn
Feel my demons return
It's all coming back to me

I was born of the underground
Orphan of Altamont
Sure no neanderthal
No matter what they think

Save what you learn
Suspicion returns
Save what you learn
Suspicion is sure to return

[Worked in the factories]
Say my legs are weak
Sweat poured out of me
The shock of the army
Lost my identity

Her words brought it back to me
No room on the ghats for free
Became a hawk and flew
Into the open blue

Save what you learn
Suspicion returns
Save what you learn
Suspicion is sure soon to return

Black to comm
Remote control
Against the world
Against the tomb
Against it all
Against it all

